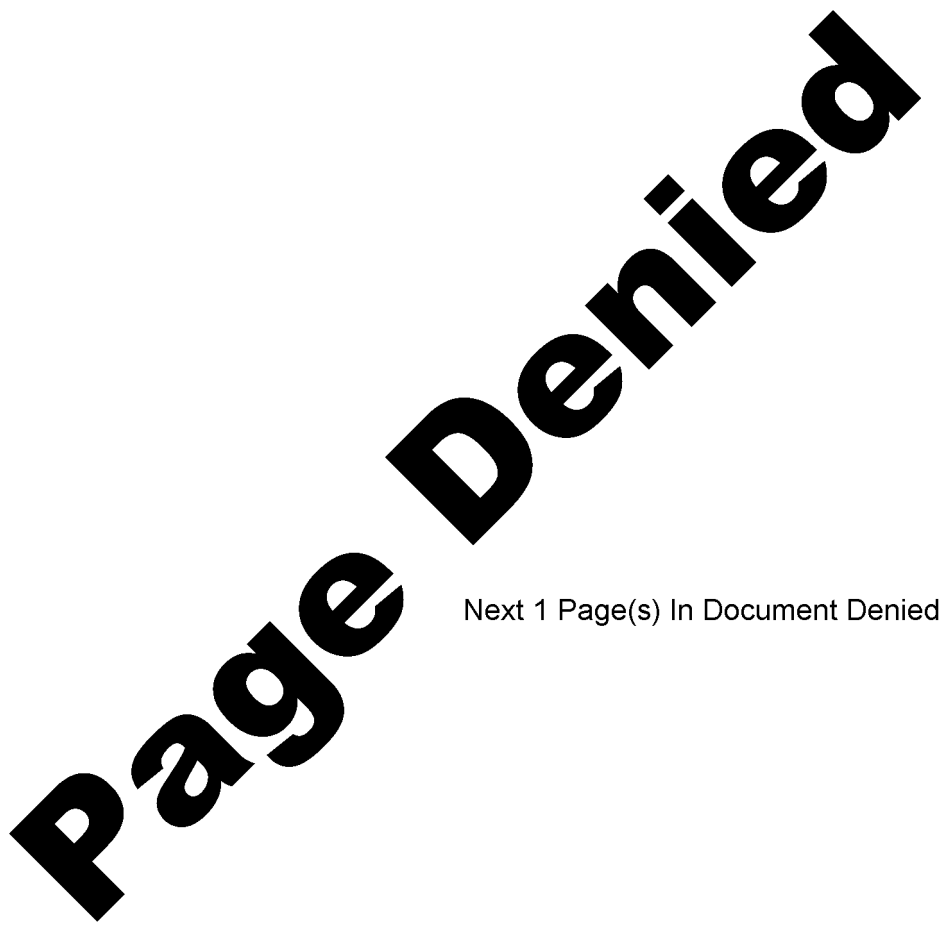

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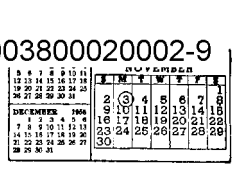


2 Pittsburghers In Russia

Three Generations Jam Two Rooms In 'Typical' Apartment At Leningrad

Ivan Works 2 Months For Coat, 10 Days To Buy Stockings

This is the first of a series of six articles on the Soviet Union as it appears to the American tourist today.

Two Pittsburgh business men, W. J. D. "Dave" Bell and W. C. "Bill" Masseth, returned recently from a 20-day vacation in Russia, during which they visited the three major cities of the nation and talked to thousands of people.

Mr. Masseth

Mr. Bell

They kept away from official Intourist guides, went out to see conditions for themselves and met the Russian people in their own homes.

In today's article they describe living conditions, wages and prices in the Soviet Union.

By MICHAEL HOLMBERG

The room was roughly 15 feet by 12. The smaller room on the other side of a long curtain was less than half the size.

With Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth in it the room was crowded, for there were five other people in it as well. It was their home.

It was just a typical apartment in Leningrad, one of the 30 or more which the two Americans visited to see the Russian people in their own homes.

They had taken long rides in buses and taxis, looking for houses, looking for suburbs. They found none. The city — every city — changed suddenly from a skyline of huge apartment buildings to a view of tiny shacks in open fields.

It was as though someone had taken an axe and chopped off the city as the guillotine chopped off heads in the French Revolution.

No Privacy

In the two crowded rooms in Leningrad lived a father and mother, aged about 55, their son and daughter-in-law, aged 30, and their one-year-old grandchild. There was no space, no privacy.

Over the big round table in the center of the room hung a lamp, its dim 25-watt bulb shaded with a silk fringe.

It was a dark apartment so the light was on at noon, shining sadly on the threadbare oriental carpet, the dark-painted walls and the scrolled-framed pictures of past generations and more recent heroes—Lenin and Stalin.

It was no better and no worse than thousands of other apartments in the city. The government had said everyone was entitled to a minimum living space of nine square meters (10.7 square yards). Like most families, this one was down close to the minimum.

'You're There'

Mr. Masseth and Mr. Bell saw no new looking furniture in any home they visited. "If you got the stuff your grandmother gave you and assumed it wasn't too hot to start with and she'd had a lifetime of wear out of it anyway," said Mr. Bell, "you'd be there."

The family in the tiny apartment in Leningrad shared a kitchen and bathroom with the occupants of two other apartments, as do most families in Russia.

Over the years the three families have worn valleys in the kitchen floor. The women cook enough food to last for several days, then warm it as they need it on a small hotplate in the apartment.

There is a desperate shortage of living space in the Soviet Union. Hundreds of apartment blocks have gone up since the war and there is a vast program to put up hundreds more in the next 20 years.

But Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth found that the proud new blocks — "which also looked old by our standards, although they were supposed to have been built in the past five or six years"— were almost as crowded as the old ones.

Even in these, two or three generations shared an apartment and three or four apartments shared a bathroom and kitchen.

One-Way Lift

The pride and joy of Kiev is a 12-story apartment building which stands on a three-story platform.

"There's one elevator," said Mr. Bell. "You ride up but you have to walk down. The elevator doors are locked and the janitor has the only key."

Talking in the people's homes, eating their cakes and drinking their tea, the Pittsburghers discussed food, jobs, salaries and prices.

They found it impossible to compare Russian and American standards of living by converting rubles to dollars. A better guide is the time a man must work to buy what he needs.

The average sales clerk or skilled factory worker has to work two weeks to buy a pair of shoes "with soles that look as thin as paper" and two months to buy a raincoat that would sell here for about thirty dollars.

He must work more than a month to buy a washing machine or vacuum cleaner, five days to buy the cheapest hat, 10 days to get his wife a pair of silk stockings—there is no nylon—and a week to get her a cheap cotton dress.

By contrast, it takes only two days' pay for the month's rent and utilities, because of so-called state subsidies which "pay" three times as much. Because the housing is owned by the state anyway, this merely means juggling the books in the Soviet treasury.

No Fancy Meals

While he is working, the Russian pays between four and 13¼ per cent of his earnings in income tax. When he is sick he gets free hospital treatment and stays on full pay while he is away from his job.

And when he retires he gets a "good deal" on the Soviet equivalent of Social Security. At 60 (55 for women) he gets 70 per cent of an average taken from his best five years' income.

After a long, hard day at the tractor factory the average Russian comes home to a pretty dull, unimaginative meal.

"They are not good cooks," Mr. Masseth said, "but then they don't have a great deal with which they can be good cooks."

Shopping in department and drug stores, Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth picked up five-cent packs of aspirin which no self-respecting American drug house would give as free samples.

Small-Time

They paid 15 cents for a box of face powder and a dime for a lipstick like a child's crayon. If Russian women want to splash out they can buy more expensive cosmetics for around a dollar.

We tried out the powder an lipstick on one of the women writers on the Press. Her verdict:

"The powder was colorless. The texture was not too bad. They'd tried to get a gardenia scent, but without much success.

"The lipstick was greasy and I doubt if it would stay on. You'd probably have to keep blotting it. It's rather like the type of lipstick a young girl buys here when she first experiments with make-up."

The travelers also brought back some cigarets. The cheap brand, named after the Sputnik dog, Laika, sell for 40 cents a pack. Moscow Brand, the commissars' specials, cost 75 cents and have shiny gold tips.

We tried these out on some of the male reporters and asked for comments on their probable contents.

Unfortunately, their remarks cannot be repeated here.

NEXT: Russian Recreation.

Pittsburghers meet Russian mother, daughter in Kiev apartment.

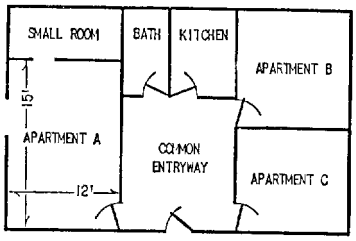
Reds Follow Party Line To The Letter

By contrast with the cramped conditions in Russian homes, Mr. Masseth and Mr. Bell were surprised at the Soviet post offices.

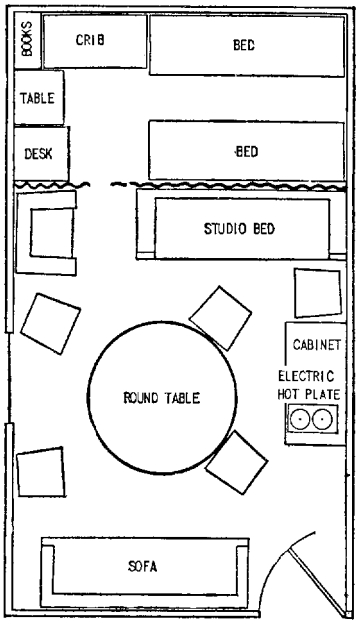
"They're really big," said Mr. Masseth. "There's plenty of space. Lots of chairs and tables, pen and ink for everyone and they're open all day on Sundays. They're always crowded."

For some reason a pre-stamped envelope in the post office costs less than a stamp of the same denomination.

Apparently the Russian government wants to discourage the use of any but its own envelopes—it is almost impossible to buy one except at the post office.



How tiny apartments are crowded together.



Sketch shows cramped apartment for five.

Leningrad women at state-owned fruit stand.

The Pittsburgh Press

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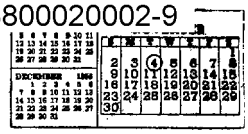

2 Pittsburghers In Russia

How Ivan Spends His Spare Time: Staving Off Boredom Biggest Battle

Religion Believed Dying Out; Youth Turns To Materialism

This is the second of a series on what the American tourist can see in Russia. This article describes life of the Russian when he is on his own time.

Mr. Bell Mr. Masseth

These conditions were observed by two Pittsburgh businessmen, W. J. D. "Dave" Bell and W. C. "Bill" Masseth, who returned recently from a 20-day vacation in the Soviet Union.

Visiting Moscow Leningrad and Kiev, they forsook official guides and went out to see for themselves how the Russian people live.

By MICHAEL HOLMBERG

Once upon a time the most famous Russian of them all was Ivan the Terrible. Today's Russian is merely Ivan the Dull.

Poor Ivan! His clothes are shabby and uninteresting. He queues to buy his food, eats his lunch standing up, seldom strolls with his best girl in the moonlight and lives on a steady radio and TV diet of politics and oh-so-earnest culture.

Most of the pleasures and entertainments which Americans take for granted are denied to Ivan for one reason or another.

"It's impossible to describe how dull and drab everything is," said Mr. Bell.

When Ivan makes his shabby, unpressed way down the street he wears bell-bottomed trousers and an open-necked shirt. If he does have a necktie, which is unlikely, "it looks as though he has worn it every day for 10 years and not bothered to hang it up at night."

Quick Sale

He longs for something better to wear. "At least a dozen people wanted to buy my clothes," said Mr. Masseth, "and they would have given me three times what I paid for them in Pittsburgh three years ago."

You won't often see Ivan at a picnic and there is no such thing as a lodge night or service club luncheon. In Mr. Bell's words, "there are no groups of any kind—they don't trust one another enough for that."

They saw few husbands out with their wives and families, few boys out for a stroll with their girl friends. "There's too much homework; too many evening classes."

Ivan seldom takes his family out for a drive in the car. There are 30,000 autos in Leningrad among four million people. In Moscow, with its seven-million population, there are 28,000.

If man cannot live by bread alone, at least the Russian gives it a good try. He tries, in fact, seven days a week, for Sunday is no different from any other day of the week.

Religion Forgotten

Wherever Mr. Masseth and Mr. Bell went in the Soviet Union they found people have forgotten their religion. The only Russians who still appeared to believe in it were those over 65.

As for the younger people, "we never found one who went to church, believed in God or read the Bible," Mr. Bell said. "I tried to buy a Bible in a book store and they didn't have one."

The younger people have forsaken Christianity for the twin idols of communism and materialism. "Whatever I have, I got for myself," They told the travelers.

There are no Sunday blue laws in Russia. Shops are open from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. while, at the same time, "almost every church we saw was boarded up or had been turned into a museum, movie theater or office building," Mr. Bell said.

Mr. Masseth did find one service in Kiev and another in Leningrad. Everyone stood—there were no seats—and the service consisted mainly of ritual and chanting.

Movie houses like this one in Kiev are Always packed

"The priest told me there were no restrictions against him," Mr. Masseth said, "but he more-or-less admitted his real job was to make everything look rosy.

"Some of the people we talked to estimated that within five or 10 years there will be no religion at all in Russia."

No Panhandlers

So what does Ivan do to occupy his time and his mind when his day's work is over?

He flies silently through his city's many museums. He escapes into 30 cents' worth of warmth and darkness in the always-jammed movie houses.

There are no bars or night clubs, but he can get one drink in a restaurant. He won't be pestered by panhandlers because they have all been shipped to Siberia. And when he walks home it will be through cold, antiseptic streets that are washed down every night.

Or he can stay at home and listen to the radio. Nearly every Russian family has a table model similar to the cheapest in the U. S. It offers a "fascinating" evening of lectures and politics.

Maybe he is one of the 4½ million Russians who owns a TV set, a privilege he has in common with 30 million Americans. Next year will see Russia's first "network"—a link from Moscow to Leningrad.

Having paid two months' salary for an eight-inch set or three months' for a 17-inch, he gets four hours' viewing every night and eight hours on Sunday.

Big Readers

In one respect he is more fortunate than the American viewer. Although sixty per cent of his TV is on film, he gets movies only a month after they have been shown in the theaters.

Ivan reads a lot. The bookstore in Russia is as common as the drug store here—on almost every corner. The books, mostly academic or cultural, are cheap.

"Four and five dollar books sell for 60 cents," Mr. Masseth said. "There are a lot of cheap editions, like our paper-backs, selling for as low as 20 kopeks (two cents)".

Ivan also has the theater and the ballet, which are as fine as any in the world.

Moscow's famed Bolshoi Theater was closed for repairs while the travelers were there, but they did visit one theater in Kiev.

"It was supposed to be just a second class production," Mr. Masseth said, "but we thought it was outstanding. Some New York tourists told us the lighting, stage effects and scenery were better than anything they had seen in New York.

At mid-day, when the Muscovite goes to lunch, he often visits one of the city's many lunch counters or automats, where he stands at a high round table to eat his meal.

Shopping Headache

He may chose one of the plates that have been filled in advance and drink tea "poured out and left standing for heaven knows how long." Or he can drink nearly flavorless soda in a variety of gorgeous colors—"like circus lemonade."

In a grocery store, Mrs. Ivan selects what she wants, pays for it at a cash desk, then queues with 50 or 60 other people to exchange her receipt for perhaps a dozen eggs.

She follows the same routine in GUM, the state-owned department store filling a whole block opposite Lenin's tomb. Moscow's showplace of merchandise, it is a former government building with the spire-and-doodad look of an old state penitentiary in the eastern U. S.

She will find no salesmanship, for that is reserved for the black market. In GUM—as far as the hundreds of clerks are concerned—she takes it or leaves it.

Mrs. Ivan finds no gift wrapping department, instead stuffs everything into a string bag. If she is lucky, her purchase may be wrapped in thin brown paper of incredibly poor quality—a startling contrast to the high-grade newsprint of Pravda and the magnificently printed cartridge paper of the travel brochures handed out by Intourist.

Perhaps Ivan is never more pathetic than when he is out dancing. For this he has to go to a big hotel or one of a few restaurants.

There he will dance in the jerky style of the 1930s, at least half the time to American music of three decades ago. Top of the Russian hit parade, according to the Pittsburghers' observations—"Yes, Sir, That's My Baby."

Every table is full in Moscow's Metropole — "one of the gayest hotels in Russia"—but it isn't very gay.

"They get up to dance," said Mr. Masseth, "and they don't say a word to each other. There's no romance, no whispering in the ear.

"It's a very rare occasion to see them letting their hair down and having a real ball."

NEXT: Industry and Industrial Warfare.

Buy A Car? Russian Should Live So Long!

This may be one reason why there are so few cars in Russia.

A Russian needs three years' pay to buy the cheapest car, then must wait for four to six years after ordering it.

Then he must tear the motor down to the last nut and bolt and put it together again before the government will give him a driver's license.

Finally he has to get a gasoline ration, change his ration coupons at one of Moscow's only four gas stations—and pay 70 cents a gallon for 60-octane fuel.

Russia's only department store, GUM stands opposite Kremlin.

The Pittsburgh Press

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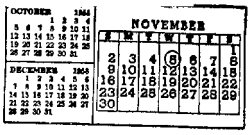


2 Pittsburghers In Russia

Soviet Spent $19,000 To Wreck Bolivia

Industrial Warfare Exposed As Lethal Weapon Against U. S.

By MICHAEL HOLMBERG

This is the third of a series of articles on Russia today, as seen by two Pittsburgh businessmen, W. J. D. "Dave" Bell and W. C. "Bill" Masseth.

Today they describe what they were able to discover—during a 20-day vacation in Russia—about the rapidly expanding Russian industry and the threat it presents to the Free World.

Mr. Bell

Mr. Masseth

It cost the Soviet government just $19,000 worth of tin to shatter the economy of Bolivia. It took just 20,000 tons of Russian aluminum to force Western producers to make their first price cut in 16 years.

Economic warfare has become an integral part of Russia's plans to spread her power throughout the world. The stakes were never higher.

For although she still produces cars and refrigerators with old American machinery, although her two principal autos are replicas of a 1942 Packard and a 1949 Buick, she is making seven-league strides in heavy industry.

Mr. Masseth and Mr. Bell were allowed in few plants in the Soviet Union, but they had enough glimpses to get some idea of Russia's progress.

Huge Machines

They saw models of huge steel-producing equipment 18 times the size of anything in the Western world. They learned of tremendous plans for giant furnaces—not just paper plans, but plans that really are working.

At a Leningrad mill with electric and open-hearth furnaces, they were told that production is as high as in a comparable mill here — "but they wouldn't let us see inside," Mr. Masseth said.

A recent steel industry delegation to Russia did not doubt that some such claims were true. The delegation reported that the Soviet industry, heavily battered during the war, had tripled in output since the war and that its deficiencies were being cleared up.

There are still deficiencies to see. The Pittsburghers found some at a machine tool plant which boasts a Russian name meaning "Leningrad Metal Works, Twice Awarded the Medal of Lenin, Named After Stalin."

Inefficient

The oldest and largest machine tool plant in Russia, it employs 7000 men and 4000 women and produces only two steam turbines a year. According to Mr. Masseth, "a company such as Westinghouse or General Electric can and does produce up to a dozen times that number in a plant the same size."

The equipment was good. It included 30 to 40 pre-war Cincinnati Milling Machines.

"But the plant housekeeping was poor," Mr. Bell said. "There was trash on the floor and the trash and scrap boxes were overflowing. The plant looked as if it had grown by having had bits added to it without any long-range layout plan."

"It looked something like an American machine shop of 25 or 30 years ago."

Looking around the plant, they found no safety goggles, safety shoes or hard hats. The lighting was poor. Women janitors were cleaning the floors and mixing cement for repairs.

They found the Russian factory had little labor trouble or turnover, due to a combination of discipline and incentive which makes hard work a social obligation.

For example, the trade union in the plant had reported it could finish making a turbine two weeks earlier than had originally been planned.

'Incentive Plan'

Immediately, suppliers of component parts were told they too must advance their schedules two weeks — or else . . .

THREAT STARTS HERE — This Moscow building houses Russia's Ministry of Foreign Trade. It is here that assaults on Western economies and price structures are planned.

Reds Roll Out Red Carpet For Texan-Type

While trying to talk their way into Russian industrial plants, Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth found a Texan who was getting the red carpet treatment all round.

A public relations man from an oil company, he had used his firm's Russian typewriter to compose a letter "authorizing" him to go anywhere in Russia and visit any plant.

Doors were opened. Welcoming committees were formed. Hands were shaken. Vodka was poured.

Which was strange, seeing that the letter was signed by the mayor of Lone Star, Tex.

They know well what the "or else" was. "Firstly, their failure would be published in the plant newspaper," said Mr. Bell. "Secondly, it would be put in the industry-wide papers. Then it would be in Pravda and Iszvestia."

A similar method is used to keep employes in line. A worker who drinks too much, for instance, is first warned by his foreman. Then he goes through the same shame cycle of papers, with his photograph well displayed. Finally he is fired and downgraded throughout the industry.

Another big reason for the low turnover of workers is the fact that no man can get permission to move unless he has previously arranged for housing. "Because of the critical housing shortage," said Mr. Bell, "this is an almost insurmountable barrier."

The most heroic act a worker can perform is to exceed his target. There are constant bonuses for this and for suggestions. If the plant passes its goal, everyone in the place gets double pay.

At the great Industrial Exposition on the outskirts of Moscow, the two Americans saw what Russia is doing to make up for the old plants such as the one in Leningrad.

Machinery Tops

The six-year-old exposition—"about as big as the New York World's Fair and brought up to date every month"—shows products of all types of industry, including machine tools and heavy construction equipment that "would compare with almost anything we have in this country."

They saw models of an open hearth furnace which produces 500 tons of steel per heat. Two are now in operation, compared with about half a dozen in the U. S. But Russia will finish 12 more next year and a new 1000-ton furnace is on the drawing board.

Furnaces of this size are often not economical in the U. S. because of fluctuating markets. In Russia, where steel is desperately short, they work at full power all the time.

The newest blast furnaces, they were told, are producing between 2500 and 3000 tons of pig iron a day, which is slightly more than the biggest here. Seven more of these furnaces will be finished by the end of the year.

They saw models of electric furnaces which produce 80 tons of steel per heat. This compares roughly with the biggest in American mills, but the Russians now are building a 180-ton furnace for specialty alloy steels.

The real eye-opener was a model of a continuous casting machine. They were told that Russia has nine of these in operation, each producing 90 tons of semi-finished steel an hour.

Big Ore Reserves

There are no continuous casting machines in the U. S. Britain has three, but the biggest produces only five tons an hour.

"Now the Russians are building 10 more," Mr. Masseth said, "each capable of producing 140 tons an hour."

On top of this, Russia has vast reserves of iron ore. "They have 100 billion tons of proven reserves and the same amount of unproven reserves," Mr. Bell said. "That's enough to last them for centuries at their present rate of production."

Russia obviously needs metals. She continually boasts when she increases her production. Yet now she has started dumping sorely needed metals on the world markets.

"It seems fantastic when they need every pound of metal they can get that they should deny it to their own people and send it out to disrupt the Western market with a few odd shots," Mr. Masseth said.

The odd shots so far have been effective. When Russia forced Western aluminum prices down by two cents a pound in March, she did it with 20,000 tons—three-quarters of one per cent of the total annual Western production.

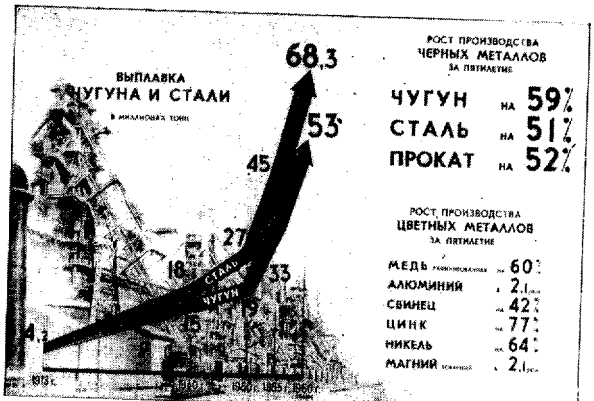
A few weeks ago she struck again, this time with tin.

The world price of tin had been pegged to protect countries which relied heavily on tin exports to hold up their economies.

Russia dumped tin on the world market at 11 cents a pound under the pegged price.

It cost her $19,000. But it destroyed the economy of Bolivia—an economy which the United States had spent millions of dollars to prop up in the past few years.

NEXT: Traveling in Russia.



RUSSIA'S METAL PRODUCTION is shown in this propaganda poster. Headed "Metallurgy," the poster shows, at left, iron and steel production in millions of tons. The figures on the right show how output is rising, with percentage increases for iron, steel and rolled steel and—in the lower list—copper, aluminum, lead, zinc, nickel and magnesium. "Ha" means "Up." Figures shown as 2.1 mean production has risen 2.1 times.

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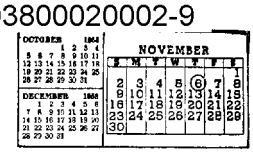

2 Pittsburghers In Russia

Soviet Airline Slap-Happy Operation; Cops 'Purge' Streets Of Dirty Autos

Visitors Ride Buses Free— Thanks To Careless Conductors

By MICHAEL HOLMBERG

This is the fourth of a series of articles on Russia today as seen by the American tourist. It tells of travel conditions in the Soviet Union which are strange to Western eyes.

These are the experiences of two Pittsburgh business men, W. J. D. "Dave" Bell and W. C. "Bill" Masseth, who returned recently from a 20-day vacation in Russia.

Mr. Bell Mr. Masseth

One of the few real adventures remaining today in dull, drab Russia is the business of getting from one place to another.

To travel in the Soviet Union is to enter a wild world of airline pilots who fly by road maps, railroads that serve bread and cheese for breakfast and motorists who get kicked off the streets if their cars are dirty.

Dave Bell and Bill Masseth rode 450 miles on a train that stopped every 10 miles to let another go by. They rode buses all over Moscow and no one asked them for their fares.

In "classless" Russia they found four classes of travel and accommodation —but the Russians kept the record straight by giving everyone the same thing anyway.

After the strict schedules and efficiency of Western airlines, the slap-happy methods of Aeroflot, the Russian airline, were a shock to the two travelers.

Slap-Happy Flight

"They don't tell you to fasten your seat belts," said Mr. Masseth. "They don't tell you to stop smoking and there is no light to warn you when they're going to take off or land."

When they talked their way into the pilot's cabin during a flight from Leningrad to Kiev—in a Russian copy of a Convair—they asked to look at the flight charts.

The pilot produced a map exactly the same as the information sheet supplied to the passengers. He was following the railroads and rivers a few thousand feet below.

There seemed to be little or no flight plan for landing at Kiev. Scorning to wait his turn, the pilot slipped past another aircraft, skidded on his tail and dropped the plane on the dirt runway, bouncing half a dozen times before he stopped.

Tea And Apples

It was at Leningrad that the two men discovered the airport officials do not weigh baggage.

"Most of us were on the plane," Mr. Bell said. "They kept on loading baggage into the tail and suddenly it just dropped and sat on the ground.

"The pilot came running out of his cabin and ordered everyone to the front of the plane. When we moved, the tail came up off the ground and he took off. He never even warmed up the engines."

He added, "They served tea and apples on the flight. After they'd passed out four cups of tea, there wasn't any more."

Their train from Kiev took 22½ hours to cover the 450 miles to Moscow, an average of 20 mph. Every ten miles it pulled into a siding while another train passed on the single track.

"It was a fine train," said Mr. Masseth. "The cars were clean and comfortable, excellent by American standards, although the mattresses were a bit thin.

"We thought the Russians had done a pretty good job until we looked up and saw a plaque which said it was made in Germany."

There was no dining car on the train—just an attendant at the end of the car with a small charcoal-burning stove for making tea and coffee.

Tickets Refunded

"We handed in our meal tickets when we got on the train," Mr. Bell said. "Dinner, breakfast and lunch were exactly the same—they came around with a suitcase full of stale bread and cheese and beat-up apples. We kicked up such a fuss when we got to Moscow that they refunded the meal tickets."

At one small wayside station they found a tap giving the only warm water of the trip. While the rest of the passengers and a group of Russian peasants stood gaping, they shaved on the platform, using a station window as a mirror.

The two men came to one important conclusion about Russian travel—"Anyone who goes above third class is out of his mind."

"There are four classes," Mr. Masseth explained, "deluxe, first, second and third. The inclusive charge is $30 a day deluxe and $8 third. Yet in third class you get the same room and mostly the same food as in deluxe and you ride in the same buses as first and second.

"About all you get extra in deluxe is the right to a private car and interpreter —and who needs that? They only take you to the places they want you to see."

The travelers stayed in Moscow at the Leningradski —"the newest hotel in Moscow, only five or six years old and one of the seven tall buildings in the city."

Subway Tops

They found it looked like something left over from Victorian days. The lobby was ornate, but there was nowhere to sit down, and its main feature was a small news stand "full of propaganda."

View of Leningrad street shows lack of private autos.

Party Line Sneaks Into Tourist Guide

Traveling around Russia, Mr. Masseth and Mr. Bell relied heavily on three phrase books containing "Useful sentences for tourists."

Two of the books, published in the United States, contained straight-to-the-point phrases such as "Where can I get the bus?" "Bring me a steak, medium rare" and the ever-useful "How much?"

But the earnest Russians had decided apparently that their guide would contain phrases which were really useful. A typical example:

"I am a member of the All-Union Lenin Young Communist League; we fight for peace and brotherhood.

Moscow scene shows planning ministry.

The four old-fashioned elevators—only two working at a time—hold five people each. "And you can't walk up or down the stairs," Mr. Bell said, "because they keep all the doors locked."

How were the rooms? "Comfortable but old-fashioned. The bathroom fittings were Victorian and the hot water ran out about eight o'clock every evening."

But they had high praise for the five-cent Moscow subway, which brings a light blue, air-conditioned train every 32 seconds. All public transportation in the city, they agreed, was "superb; better than any city in America."

On the Moscow buses, which run every few minutes, they frequently got away without paying the normal two cents fare.

"We would get in the bus," said Mr. Bell, "say good morning to the conductor and just sit there. Sometimes they didn't ask us for the money; sometimes they refused it when we offered it.

"I suppose they figured they were the people's buses so why worry?"

They found the private motorist is not always so lucky. "If he drives into Moscow with a dirty car, a traffic cop stops him and sends him home to get it washed," Mr. Bell said.

Help Yourself

Throughout their travels the two men never had to open a bag for a customs inspector. Formalities were almost nil.

"But we had a time with photographs," Mr. Masseth said. "You can't take pictures of factories or bridges, not even little foot bridges."

"You're not supposed to take pictures of the runways at airports either," said Mr. Bell. "They yelled at us to stop in Leningrad, but in Moscow I asked a woman who seemed to be in charge and she said, 'Take anything you want.'

"It's the same all the time," Mr. Bell said. "The whole country is so ridden with bureaucracy that one tells you one thing and another tells you the opposite. You just never know where you are."

NEXT: Crowds badger for news of U. S.

Russia Wreaks $116 Million Loss

Aluminum Hurt By 'Ruble War'

Scripps-Howard Service

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6—Russia's "ruble war" to seize large areas of the world market from the West has resulted in a 116 million dollar drop in earnings before taxes for the U. S. and Canadian aluminum industry.

Assistant U. S. Commerce Secretary Henry Kearns cited Russia's invasion of world aluminum markets as the move that first revealed the Soviets' economic warfare techniques, which he described as their "greatest threat to our country."

Russia's aluminum output now stands at about 22 per cent of the world total. Russian aluminum was being sold in England last year at about 10 pounds sterling per ton less than Canadian or U. S. aluminum. England's aluminum imports from Russia jumped from nominal amounts to 15,449 tons.

Mr. Kearns said Russia's exports to Britain "could be multiplied 50 times in 1958 if the Soviet Union had not voluntarily agreed to a 15,000 ton limitation." The agreement followed threatened British anti-dumping legislation.

"American and Canadian aluminum companies reacted by cutting their prices two cents a pound, representing a reduction in earnings before taxes of about 116 million dollars a year," Mr. Kearns said.

But Mr. Kearns maintained in a speech to the American Management Assn. in New York late yesterday that Soviet economic aggression in this and other fields "can be stopped, met and conquered by American business and industry."

He proposed an aggressive private business campaign to make world trade an "essential" part of U. S. business structure, even for medium and small-sized firms, and a co-operative business-government effort to market abroad items domestic consumers take for granted.

"The time has come," he said, "for the adoption of the spirit of the Yankee trader—1959 type."

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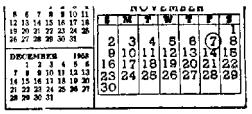

2 Pittsburghers In Russia

Crowds Eager For News Of U. S.; Kremlin Propaganda Lost On Many

Visitors Talked To Thousands; Secret Interviews Held At Night

By MICHAEL HOLMBERG

Two Pittsburgh businessmen, W. J. D. "Dave" Bell and W. C. "Bill" Masseth, ignored their official guides during a recent vacation to the Soviet Union.

This article, the fifth of a series, tells of their visits to Russian homes and their meetings with Russian people in the streets.

Mr. Bell

Mr. Masseth

Few American tourists in the Soviet Union have spoken so freely with so many Russian people in so short a time as Mr. Masseth and Mr. Bell in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev.

They did it by ditching the Intourist guide—to her obvious annoyance—and walking around by themselves.

They discovered that some of the thoughts we may have about the Russian people are far from true.

The Russians are not all poverty stricken; some do have plenty of rubles and are anxious to spend them. They do not all accept everything they hear from the Soviet state; many are well aware that they do not hear everything about the West, nor the West about them.

Strange Ideas

But they do have some strange ideas about America. There was a second-year electrical engineering student who was surprised by the two tourists because she thought all Americans were Negroes.

Yet although many Russians asked the expected questions — "Why do you want war?" "Why are your troops in Lebanon?" "Why do you want to bomb our country?" — there were others who were eager to risk clandestine meetings with the strangers in the early hours of the morning.

All the people seemed to want desperately to talk to the visitors. "Everywhere we went we got a spontaneous, friendly reaction," said Mr. Bell.

Ignoring Intourist, the official Soviet travel agency, Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth went around by themselves, talked to large groups of Russians in the streets and knocked on the doors of their homes, to ask, "May we come in?"

Bonanzas

Their admission tickets to Russian homes were 10-cent ball - point pens from the bargain counter of a Pittsburgh department store and about 50 colored post cards from New York.

"There was immediate recognition when we showed them Wall Street," Mr. Bell said. They've been told about the wicked, capitalists there. Their faces lit up and they said, 'Da, Wall Street.'

This girl thought Americans all Negroes.

"We thought these things would be good souvenirs. We never dreamed they would be worth their weight in gold."

But it was in the streets that the two Pittsburghers made their biggest hit. Every day, from early in the morning to late at night, they were surrounded by groups of up to 50 people, each citizen anxious to hear what the American visitors had to say.

Some of them would ask quietly for American magazines and newspapers—if they were sure no one else could hear.

"We would try to break away and get back to the hotel for a meal," said Mr. Masseth "but some of them would sidle up and ask if they could meet us later, alone. Naturally we said yes.

Chance To Talk

"We made appointments and met them in the park at midnight, or even two in the morning. They always came by themselves or with just one or two others."

These braver souls were of a different type from those who had gathered around in daylight to ask how America was dealing with an alleged 10 million unemployed, those who had gaped in wonder and disbelief when Mr. Bell told them he could buy a suit with one day's pay.

It was at these midnight meetings that the Russians really unburdened themselves of their wry, stored-up comments on the Soviet state.

"Just a few of them had seen American newspapers," Mr. Masseth said. "They knew there was more to the story than met the eye and they were very inquisitive about things over here.

"Some people came right out and told us we would not see everything we wanted. They said we were going to see chosen factories and so on. They were sure everything we saw would have been shined and polished.

Where Are People?

"Several of them said there wasn't much point in our trying to write to them or in their trying to answer, because the letters would never get through.

"We showed an Intourist itinerary to an electronics engineering student who was a really bright boy. He said, 'I see you have a lot of museums listed, but where are the Russian people?'"

It was during these late meetings also that Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth discovered that many Russians are anxious to get their hands on U. S. dollars and other Western currency.

"The official exchange rate for tourists is 10 rubles to the dollar," Mr. Bell said. "You can get 20 in the park. If you're really prepared to do business with fifties and hundreds—they'll give you 40 on the dollar."

Why do they want to get their hands on this foreign currency? "To escape," says Mr. Bell. "You'd be surprised at how many of them want to get out of Russia.

"We met one man who has relatives in Poland. He wants to get permission to visit them, then he intends to escape to the West. He said he needed two or three hundred dollars to get over the border."

Plenty of Russians seemed to have money to pay these high prices for dollars. "They have the rubles," Mr. Masseth said. "There's a lot of money in the black market."

Satchmo Tops

They found the Russians hungry for any American magazines or newspapers and crazy about jazz — officially frowned on as decadent. The Russians' favorite jazz artist? Louis Armstrong.

One American magazine is available to the Russian people — in theory. It is "Amerika," published in Russian by the U. S. Government and sold in Moscow by agreement with the Soviet government. In return the Russians are allowed to publish "USSR" in the United States.

But the system breaks down in practice. Each nation sends 50,000 copies of the magazine to the other nation. Americans seldom pick up USSR from the news stands and its total sale is only 5000 copies.

Consequently, the Russian government distributor dumps 45,000 copies of Amerika back to the U. S. Embassy every month with the laconic excuse, "They wouldn't sell."

Yet the Russian people want to read them. Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth distributed armloads of the magazine all over Moscow. People grabbed them, tucked them beneath their coats and scurried away.

"We had a lot of free taxi rides in Moscow," Mr. Bell said. "The drivers would take a copy of the magazine and refuse any fare.

"And we could have traveled free all over Russia with a couple of dozen copies of Time magazine and a handful of Louis Armstrong records."

NEXT: U. S. Losing Strange War.

Crowd in Kiev gathers in the street to hear Mr. Bell (arrow).

Strange Ideas Noted About American Life

Have You Heard Latest Joke From Moscow?

The latest Moscow joke—as whispered to Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth by a young Russian in a Moscow park at 2 a. m.:

A student in high school was asked to describe America.

He said, "The workers are oppressed; living conditions are very low; there are 10 million unemployed; racial minorities are mistreated; farmers are mistreated; Wall Street bankers take everything."

Then he was asked to describe Russia.

"We are making great strides here," he said. "We are all terribly busy trying to catch up with America."

The Pittsburgh Press

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2 Pittsburghers In Russia

U. S. Losing 'Fourth Dimension' War

Americans 'Groping In The Dark'

By MICHAEL HOLMBERG

In this article, the last of a series, two Pittsburgh business men report on some of the dangers to America which they observed during a recent vacation in the Soviet Union. W. J. D. "Dave" Bell and W. C. "Bill" Masseth also suggest some ways in which the U. S. might combat this threat.

For the first time in its history the United States is in danger of losing a war—not a shooting war, but one which is just as deadly, just as deliberate.

It is not a war fought in the normal three dimensions of land, sea and air. It is war in the fourth dimension. It is a war of psychology, propaganda, diplomacy and economics.

Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth saw some of the armaments for this war while they were in the Soviet Union.

"It is a type of war we in America do not understand," said Mr. Bell, "and the fact is that we are losing this war.

"We're all in the living room drinking martinis and the Communists are coming in the back door and working in the kitchen, poisoning the food."

The poison has been one of the big factors in securing nearly half the earth's surface and nearly a billion people for the Communist empire.

Weakness Exploited

The Americans saw some of the ways in which Russia is worming herself into the confidence of uncommitted nations by taking advantage of every American weakness.

In Moscow, where the hotels were full of tourists and delegations, they saw people from China, Germany, India, Egypt, Hungary and many other nations.

They found the Russian government is making more effort than the U. S. Government to play host to foreign technicians. Mr. Masseth estimated, for instance, that about 200 Indians are studying the steel industry in the U. S. while about a thousand are doing the same in Russia.

They met a senior technician of the Egyptian government who compared American efforts to aid his country unfavorably with those made by the Soviet Union.

This man claimed he was an anti-Communist and told them, "The Arabs just want freedom. We want to build our own factories and make our own products."

Choose Russia

He sincerely believed that Russia's help was more practical than America's in helping his people to achieve their aims.

"When American technicians come to our country," he told them, "they earn 10 times as much as our technicians. They want all the luxuries, yet they are only second grade technicians. They often don't know as much as our own people.

"But when a Russian technician comes he is paid the same as we are, he lives the same and works side by side with our people. The Russians send us top men."

Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth saw part of Russia's intensive propaganda program when they visited Radio Moscow, which beams news and features across the world in 32 languages, 24 hours a day and seven days a week.

The broadcasts go to Africa, Asia, Europe, the Middle East, every fast-developing trouble spot. They come to the U. S. itself in Moscow's Atlantic and Pacific services.

On Top Of News

At Radio Moscow they met Nick Sergeyev, No. 2 man in the North American service, a New York resident for 18 years and today the Russians' "smooth, Madison Avenue, Ivy League type."

"These boys are clever," Mr. Masseth said. "They knew enough of what was going on to be able to tell us on the spot that Bob Friend had just won his 20th game for the Pirates."

Another way the Russians are scoring heavily, the visitors found, is through renegade or misled Americans.

While they were in Leningrad, Paul Robeson was playing to packed houses and being quoted at length in the newspapers. A retired Hollywood producer was praising Russian policy and attacking U. S. actions "in a loud voice that could be heard all over the hotel dining room."

Tourists, too, can be made to spread the Soviet line. Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth had no word of advice from the State Department before they went to Russia. All they had to guide them was a pamphlet from an independent organization in Philadelphia.

Easily Misled

This told them how to behave in the Soviet Union, what to wear and how to approach the people. Most important of all, it gave them clear, solid facts on which they could defend their country when Russians cross-examined them about Little Rock and Lebanon.

"We are dealing with a nation dedicated to the forceful overthrow of our way of life," said Mr. Bell. "For the first time in our history we have an enemy with the raw materials and manpower to do it.

"But everyone is so friendly that you tend to forget about it. And many tourists see only the best things. Even the wary can be misled."

How to stop the United States and the rest of the Free World from being misled is a problem which Mr. Bell had considered long before he went to Russia.

It needs three steps, Mr. Bell believes. The first is to awaken the people to the subtle dangers of the Communist plan. The second is to draw on the nation's potential leaders. The third is to urge the U. S. Government into a new approach.

"With the energy and resources we have here the Russians can't touch us if we get the people really awake," Mr. Bell said.

New Approach

"We should mobilize leaders of business, law, labor, politics, finance and publishing to volunteer for cold-war service. In a shooting war leaders in all fields fall over themselves to volunteer for any type of service or dollar-a-year job. Now we face a greater threat and we need these men again."

As for the Government, Mr. Bell said, "The Pentagon is dedicated to the hardware approach, the State Department to conventional diplomacy.

"What we need is some department which deals solely with this specialized type of competition — some section headed by a secretary of psychological warfare on the same level as the secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force under the Secretary of Defense."

Mr. Bell envisages a trained corps of 500 "men who have been marked for greater things in their field" to study fourth dimensional warfare in a program sponsored by a great university and financed by a foundation to the tune of about $2,000,000.

"As I see it," he said, "great corporations might release 10 or a dozen men for six months to a year. An educational institution could provide the academic background and the faculty could be drawn from leading universities all over the country.

Victory Plan

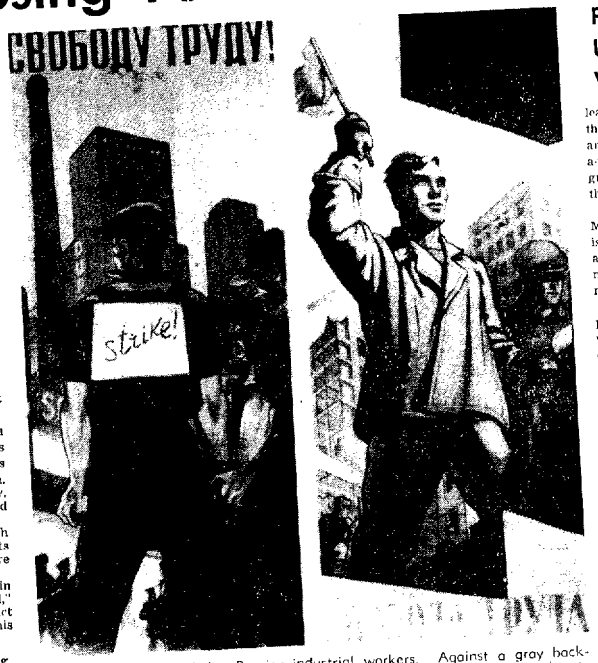
"Oil companies, hotel chains, catering concerns and auto firms would be asked to donate cars, credit cards, food and accommodations."

He believes the specially-picked young men should be taught "why we are losing the cold war and what we need to do. They would be taught by experts in the field of geopolitics, economic warfare and all those subtleties of international relations and diplomacy which the Communists already understand so well."

At the end of the course, he said, they would be ready to spread what they had learned among friends, colleagues and local groups, rousing enough public opinion to persuade congressmen to push through a new psychological approach.

"In this way," he said, "I feel we could beat the Russians at their own cunning game."

THE END



THE PARTY LINE, as fed to Russian industrial workers. Against a gray background, striking U. S. workers face cool and iron police and cry, "Give Freedom to Labor." Heroic Russian, with sculptured look, holds red flag aloft and declares, "We Have Freedom of Labor."

Moscow University has 28,000 students.

Policy Shift Urged For Victory

U. S. Missed Tip On Sputnik Year Before Firing

The United States could have known about Russia's first earth satellite up to a year before it was launched, Mr. Bell and Mr. Masseth learned in Moscow.

They found that details of Sputnik I, with an explanation of how it was to go into orbit, had been published in technical journals between six and 12 months before the launching date.

"But we didn't know anything about it because no one in America was translating these particular journals," said Mr. Bell.

"Even now we have no central translating agency. But in Moscow they have 2500 people employed in translating technical journals from all over the world."